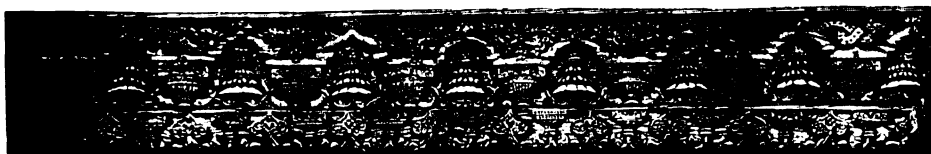


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE MOHAMMADANS IN INDIA.

IN an age which professes to know so much that even school-boys and under-graduates speak with scorn of the state of science ten years back, it is somewhat surprising that the most profound ignorance should prevail concerning the social state, religion, art, and recent history of a civilized nation of two hundred and fifty million souls. What the majority of persons to-day know about India bears about the same relation to the reality as the traditions about the "blessed isles," extant in ancient Greece and Rome, would bear to an accurate description of North America in our own times.

There is doubtless a good excuse for the prevailing ignorance about all that is Indian. We who are Europeans by descent, association in all that civilizes, and by sympathy of interests, have as a rule very definite preconceived ideas of the nations that come more immediately within the range of our observation. It would, indeed, be impossible to devote so much time as is generally given nowadays to the study of history without forming some conception, in the main a correct one, of the countries and peoples we read about. Can any one say, for instance, that until he has himself visited Italy his ideas of that country are not greatly influenced by the first impressions produced from reading the history of ancient Rome? Those ideas will of course be modified if he goes on to study the course of events in Italy during the Middle Ages, and his concep-

tion will gain vastly in clearness if he acquires the modern language of the land, and makes himself familiar with Italian thought. But still he will probably continue to judge modern Italy, which he thus surveys vicariously through the book-writers, by the standard of ancient Rome; and though, if he finally goes there, he will be driven to part with some of his most cherished illusions, he will yet make what he sees to fit into what he remembers, and the comparison of these two series of facts will combine to produce a more or less accurate knowledge of the country as it is.

But if we concentrate our attention on a people of whose history we know nothing, whose institutions, social and religious, are enveloped in a mist of complication, and who inhabit a distant country we have never visited, the picture we call up is likely to be kaleidoscopic, to say the least of it. Now India is such a country, and Indians are just such a people. Until the tenth century of our era India has no history whatever, unless the threads of fact supposed to exist in the two great epic poems may be dignified by that name. There are a few ancient inscriptions, all of the reign of a great king named As'oka, who seems to have ruled nearly the whole of India, as these records are found at immense distances from each other, and it is believed that he reigned somewhat earlier than Philip of Macedon. But we have absolutely no other date by which to fix

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slowly away, the herd constantly advancing, except for a short halt now and again at some inviting spot, where the grass grows luxuriantly or the stream crosses. The hills are smaller, there are wide openings between them, and soon a broad plain, rich in the marvellous color of its shifting light and shade, and covered with brown waving grass and great patches of bluish-gray sage-brush, stretches to the far horizon, flat and apparently level as a billiard table, full of promise of rest and refreshment for the hot and tired beasts.

There are plenty of good camping places this evening. Grass there is in abundance; the herd is still following the course of the rivulet, so water in plenty is at hand; and fuel of the best for a camp fire can be had for the trouble of cutting a few armfuls of the sage-brush.

The cattle feel that the hour of rest has come, as, unrestrained by the drivers, they

wander at freedom out on the prairie, or stand knee-deep in the water, drinking it in in long draughts, and elevating their dripping muzzles to "moo" forth their contentment. The horses are unsaddled and allowed to browse, and as the sun is sinking in the west and the fires are lighted, all hands busy themselves in preparation of the evening meal.

The long twilight sets in, gradually melting into the shades of night; silence reigns over the prairie, broken only by the far-off yelp of the prowling coyote, or the crackling of a dry twig as some restless steer moves about in the sage-brush. The tired cow-boy, the events of the day briefly discussed with the after-supper pipe by the glowing embers of the fire, spreads his bedding on the ground, rolls his blanket about him, and, his head resting in the seat of his saddle, is soon buried in the dreamless sleep of the hardy frontiersman.



OLD FORT ERIE.

## THE CITY OF BUFFALO.

LOOKING across Niagara River from the crumbling ruins of Fort Erie, whose most frequent visitors to-day are the cows of the neighboring farmers browsing peacefully on the grass-grown ramparts, whence seventy years ago General Peter B. Porter made his brilliant sortie, one sees the granite tower of the City Hall of Buffalo rising commandingly above the surrounding miles of warehouses and factory chimneys, hooded in an atmosphere of smoke and steam.

Northward, past the high bluff crown-

ed by the ruins of Fort Porter and the stone copings of "The Front," flows the Niagara with a constantly accelerating velocity. Parallel with it, "packed with long lines of freighted boats towed by slow-paced horses," is the Erie Canal, "the author and sure conservator of the fortunes of Buffalo."

South and westward Lake Erie spreads out in endless billows; and at the east, forming a noble background to the city, rise the Chautauqua hills and the highlands of Evans and Wales.

In the neighborhood of the old Canadian fortress all is stagnation. Peaceful country roads lead off through green lanes, and in the half-decayed frame mansions, surrounded by tall Lombardy poplars, and supported from foundation to cornice by Corinthian columns, is a reminder of that departed grandeur which made Fort Erie in by-gone days what her neighbor over the river is to-day—a centre of gay life.

To understand the past, present, or future of Buffalo as a port of entry, the results of her characteristic industries, and the pluck of her early settlers—and no city in the United States more directly owes her present prosperity to the energy of a few far-seeing pioneers—one must approach her from the harbor side.

In the foreground stands the most imposing row of bread-distributors on the lakes, the mammoth grain elevators of Buffalo Creek, nearly forty of them, making an elephantine procession a mile long, with a combined storage capacity of 9,250,000 bushels, and a transfer capacity of 3,102,000 bushels, or, in other words, the power of receiving from lake vessels and transferring to canal-boats and cars daily 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, a rate unequalled at any other port in this country. It is not uncommon to see a large lake vessel unloading and two canal-boats and two trains of freight-cars loading at the same time.

The site of the Bennett elevator, at the junction of the creek and the Evans ship-canal, is historic as marking the scene of an experiment only less interesting than the first voyage of Robert Fulton's steam-boat, for it was here, in 1842, that a Buffalonian, Joseph Dart, built the first steam storage transfer elevator, on the well-known elevator and conveyer principle of Oliver Evans, in the face of the jeers of his townsmen, who predicted that he would find to his cost that "Irishmen's backs were, after all, the cheapest elevators."

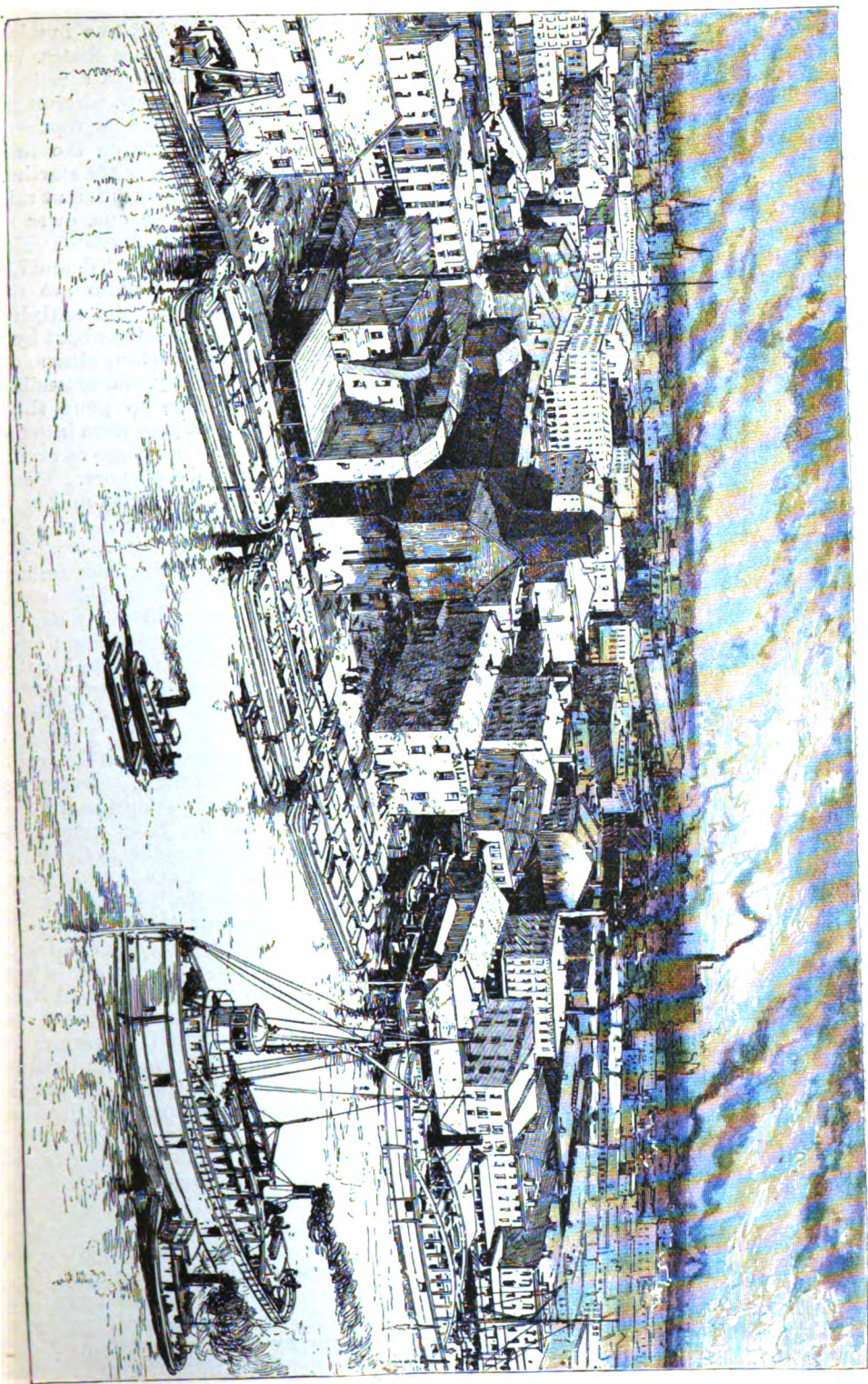
The capacity of Joseph Dart's elevator was but 55,000 bushels, with a power of raising 1000 bushels an hour. To-day such an elevator as that of the connecting terminal railroad, having a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels, can elevate 19,000 bushels an hour. Watching the legs of the two towers of this huge elevator drop upon a mass of wheat in the hold of a lake vessel moored at its wharf, the machinery start, and the twelve-quart buckets dip down into the grain and rush with light-

ning speed up into the roof of the building, where they deposit their load in the bins, it is not difficult to believe that a cargo which by the old method of "Irishmen's backs" would have required a month to discharge can now be stowed away in five hours.

Buffalo Creek is interesting not only for its connection with an invention which, by facilitating the movement of bread-stuffs, has a vital concern for all mankind, but as the stream—"a ford then only waist deep"—from across whose entrance some sixty years ago a few citizens, determined that Buffalo should be the western terminus of the Erie Canal, dug away the sand bar which choked its channel. Buffalo Creek Harbor was begun, carried on, and completed principally by three private individuals, who mortgaged the whole of their estate in its behalf. The river is now protected north and south by two breakwaters, but the capacious harbor thus obtained is insufficient for the growing commerce of the city, and the United States government is making an outside harbor by the construction of a breakwater designed to be four thousand feet long, fronting the entrance of the river about a half-mile from the shore. With the completion of this breakwater facilities will exist for the building of new wharves aggregating an additional five miles, making the available water-front about nineteen miles. In other words, the commerce of Buffalo Creek is destined one day to rival the gigantic traffic of the river Mersey, when the harbor of this queen city of the lakes will vie with that of Liverpool in her endless docks and warehouses.

Mr. Henry James banishes one of his characters from the Eternal City to "Buffalo" as to the wild West, forgetting or unaware that the name of this lake city is not without Old World precedent. Bosphorus means ox-passage, and Oxford a ford for oxen. That the city derives its name from the river is certain, but whether the river was so called because the buffalo had at one time grazed in the shade of the basswood-trees along its margins, now lined with elevators, floaters, lumber-yards, coal pockets, chutes, and trestles, or from a mistake in the Indian title, has not been satisfactorily determined. The name of the city first appears in a treaty made at Fort Stanwix—now Rome—between the United States and the Iroquois Confederacy.





THE CITY OF BUFFALO.



All through the summer the harbor is full of life—tugs dart hither and yon, lake vessels, big and little, receive their cargoes, huge steamers and propellers take on passengers or freight for the upper lakes, while numerous pleasure-yachts, named for sea-nymphs and dryads, steam toward the International Bridge, which opens in the centre with massive swing, and permits them to pass through on their way “down the river.” Finally, and most important, stretching in all directions, are the iron rails over which the commerce of the Great West reaches the Eastern sea-board.

To win the heart of this queen city to-day you must court her in the rôle of a railway king. You must come as the projector of a new trunk line, prepared to lay your millions at her feet in return for a site from which to throw another iron girdle around the city, and with thousands more to invest for a commanding lot on Delaware Avenue, “The Circle,” or fronting one of the many park approaches, whereupon to erect a palace of Medina sandstone, or a cypress-shingled villa rivalling those of Newport or the famous Jerusalem Road.

Never was the imperial position of Buffalo appreciated as now, when all signs point to the realization of the prophecy that she is destined to sit “like a commercial Constantinople stretching along the Bosphorus of the broad Niagara, and holding the keys of the Dardanelles that shall open and shut the gates of trade for the regions east and west.” A study of the globe will show why, from the founder of the city in 1797 down to the latest railway manager of 1885, eager to obtain an approach to the International Bridge, already inadequate to the demands of traffic and mooted the revival of the old scheme of tunnelling under the Niagara, every sagacious person has predicted a great commercial future for the Queen City of the Empire State. With the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad the whole world will pay her tribute. Not only will the products of the immense wheat fields of the Red River, the coal, oil, and iron of Pennsylvania, the lumber of Michigan and the Southern States, the ores of Lake Superior, and the live stock of the great western prairies pass through her gates, but the commerce of Asia with the Atlantic States, with England, and the Continent.

In the year of Buffalo's incorporation,

1832, when there were but one hundred miles of rail in the United States, was granted the first permit to put a railroad through Erie County. Now, without the repetition of a rod, over nine thousand miles of travel are possible on the lines centring at Buffalo alone, as the starting-point or terminus of twenty different railway-lines. No city, save one, owes so much to railroads as does Buffalo. Her terminal facilities are unequalled, and her transfer yards at East Buffalo are the largest in the world, with the outlying country encompassed for miles about by a net-work of tracks, approaching closer and closer as they near the city, and extending around the harbor-side to pour their freight of coal, salt, and petroleum into the lake vessels in return for a cargo of grain, flour, lumber, iron, and copper ore. Commercial Buffalo is like a portly and self-satisfied spider, supreme in the centre of her web.

The business man has his choice among six different routes to New York city. The New York Central and Hudson River; the New York, Lake Erie, and Western; the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo; the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western; the Lehigh Valley; and the Buffalo division of the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia—all lead east amid the beautiful scenery of the interior of the State. Stretching away in an opposite direction toward the western prairies are the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central, the Grand Trunk of Canada, the Great Western division, and the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, or “Nickel Plate.” The remaining nine roads are local lines. Among the most important of these is the Buffalo Creek Railway, a belt freight line four miles in length, extending down on either side of the ship canal. Every railroad entering the city has a connection with this, and by the terms of the city's grant its rates are uniform to all, thus placing the railroads on equal terms.

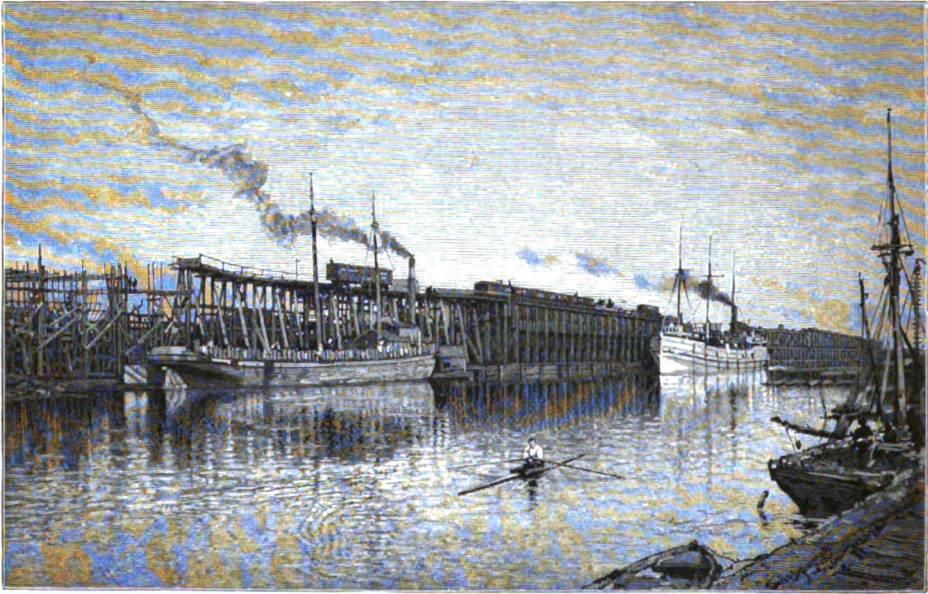
Within the city limits railroad corporations own 2746 acres, or more than four square miles of territory. There are 436 miles of standard gauge track—more miles of rails than are contained in any other city on the globe. Within the corporate boundaries of his own town the Buffalonian could enjoy a railroad journey equal to a trip to New York over the Lackawanna, with twenty-six miles to spare.



AMONG THE ELEVATORS.

From photograph by George Barker, Niagara Falls.





THE COAL DOCKS.

What gives unusual interest to the marvellous railroad improvements in Buffalo since 1880, from which year dates the "new era" of prosperity, is the fact that to this construction all the newer scientific principles have been applied. The railroad kings of America have discovered that the traffic capacity of railroad lines is limited mainly by the extent of their terminal facilities, and with this conviction have been developing the terminal facilities of Buffalo most assiduously. The Lehigh Valley Railroad affords a notable illustration of a successful application of the modern theory, for although it has not a line of its own to Buffalo, but sends its coal-laden cars hither from Waverly over the Erie, the company has nevertheless expended millions in the acquisition of unsurpassed terminal facilities in the southern part of the city for the purpose of transshipping its coal, and sending it up Lake Erie and over other roads. Indeed, the opinion has been expressed that the improvements making on the Tift Farm property—a tract of 425 acres, belonging to this road, at a cost of \$4,000,000, will prove of greater value to Buffalo than any public work since the opening of the Erie Canal. These improvements consist chiefly in the turning of the city ship-canal into the farm, and so cutting it backward

and forward at right angles in huge parallelograms as to endow the city with eight additional miles of docks—an amount of water-frontage equal to all she had before—and giving the railway corporations a total of fourteen miles of water-front available for the transfer of freight from lake to rail. The most discreditable fact about the railroad growth is that, notwithstanding the exceeding generosity of the city in the matter of land grants, not one of the roads centring at Buffalo has paid her the compliment of erecting a fine railway station. Those of many New England country towns are far superior.

In no direction has the sudden broadening of Buffalo's business interests been more remarkable than in coal, both for home consumption and distribution. A few years ago the coal traffic was confined to the car-loads necessary for local use. As the city developed into a manufacturing centre the cry went up, "Give us cheap coal." This caused the opening of direct railroad communication between the Pennsylvania mines and the wholesale dealers. The Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia, in addition to its railroad property, controls extensive coal mines and lands in Pennsylvania, from which it feeds Buffalo with a constantly increasing coal, oil, lumber, bark, and grain commerce.



A few years ago vessels started up the lakes carrying coal as ballast, in order to bring return cargoes of grain. To-day, the freights of the two shipments are day ranks as the third coal depot of America, also as the most important distributing point for anthracite coal, nearly all of which goes through the city. The bi-



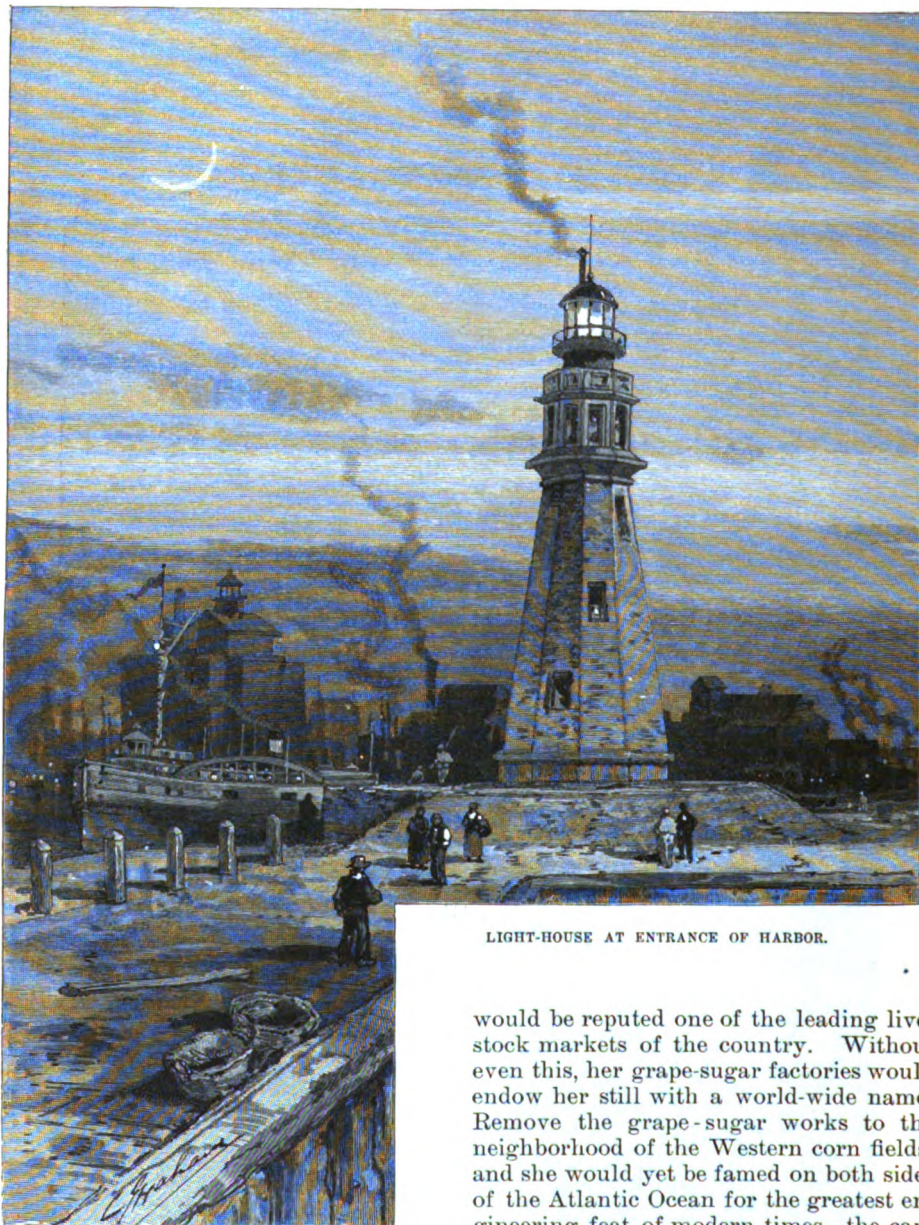
ALONG THE WHARVES.

about the same. Coal as an up freightage is fully as important as the down cargo of grain. Nearly two million dollars of property is engaged, it is estimated, in carrying the product of the coal fields from this port, exclusive of rolling stock.

In the amount of tonnage, Buffalo to-

tuminous coal trade shows a progressive growth which, if prognosticated a few years ago, would have been deemed incredible. In the year 1874 the receipts were 327,467 tons; in 1884, 1,921,354 tons. Bituminous coal is largely used by the manufacturers of the city, and is one of the





LIGHT-HOUSE AT ENTRANCE OF HARBOR.

standing local grievances, on account of the soot it showers over the town. The enormous growth of the anthracite coal trade is shown by the fact that in 1874 the receipts were 472,262 tons ; in 1884, 2,451,410 tons.

Thus, were Buffalo not a railway centre, she would be known as a coal depot. Take away both these interests, and she

would be reputed one of the leading live-stock markets of the country. Without even this, her grape-sugar factories would endow her still with a world-wide name. Remove the grape-sugar works to the neighborhood of the Western corn fields, and she would yet be famed on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean for the greatest engineering feat of modern times—the cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central Railroad which spans the gorge of the Niagara, built in 1883 at the Central Bridge Works, now the Union Bridge Company, of Buffalo. Aside from these larger and wider-known establishments, there are over two thousand manufactories, numbering among the more important, car-wheels, stoves, and engines, boots and shoes, oil refineries, malt-houses, breweries and distilleries, flouring mills, chem-

ical works, ship-yards, agricultural implements, and minor industries without number. The mail of one large establishment last year was greater in amount than the entire receipts of the post-office in 1872.

In Buffalo, which practically controls this industry, originated the manufacture of grape-sugar. One alone of the three glucose factories of Buffalo, the American, consumes 10,000 bushels of corn every twenty-four hours, requiring as feed for a single day the average annual product of 434 acres of corn fields, or more than half the entire annual product of all the New England States, more than one-sixth of the entire product of New York, and more than 0.0022 of the total crop of the United States.

daily newspapers in judicious editorial management are unexcelled. The Buffalo *Daily Courier*, which is a descendant of the *Star*, the first daily paper in Buffalo, has had a long line of able editors, among whom was the late William A. Seaver, afterward associated with *Harper's* Drawer.

As she is to-day a highway for the commerce of the nineteenth century, so was Buffalo and Erie County at an earlier period a well-trodden pathway across which passed a motley train of pilgrims and warriors—French hunters and trappers striding to the Northwest, Cardinal Richelieu's Jesuit missionaries holding up the cross, and the Indians of the Long House to put out the camp fires of the Kahquahs and Eries. Since first her soil was



JOSEPH ELLICOTT.

An enormous capital is invested by the *Courier*, *Express*, and *Commercial Advertiser* in the printing, lithographing, and engraving business. Buffalo claims also that, in proportion to population, her

seen by white men the habitations of three distinct races have in turn occupied it; and it is less than sixty years since the second of these, the Seneca Indians, the successors of the Kahquahs, were hunting deer on the



present site of the State Insane Asylum, whose symmetrical red-tiled towers, designed by Richardson, loom up imposingly at the head of Richmond Avenue.

Following North Street, one of the fashionable neighborhoods of Buffalo, which intersects Richmond Avenue at the Circle, down Porter Avenue, nearly at right angles to it—a route almost identical with the "Guide Board Road" of the period when the Indians and their English allies crossed from Canada to Black Rock to burn Buffalo—we come out upon the Front, another now favorite residence neighborhood. Here the Buffalonian gets his one "marine" view, and here, too, he has a perpetual reminder of the original owners of the soil. More than two centuries have elapsed since the smoke wreaths of the Kahquahs' lodges rose on both sides of the gorge which witnesses the nuptials of the fairest of the Great Lakes with the most powerful of rivers. They named the stream that divided their ancient domain the Onniagahra, or Niagara.

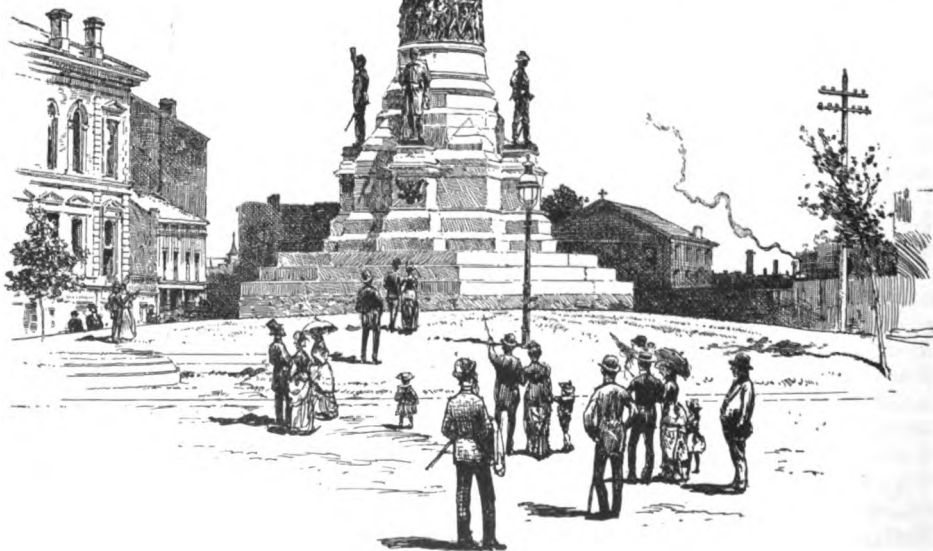
In the summer of 1687, says the local historian, the Baron

la Hontan ascended the rapids of the Niagara River in his light birchen canoe to Lake Erie. His military eye taking in the commanding situation at once, he recommended the site to the French government for a fort, and marked it Fort Sup-

posé on the map that illustrated his travels. The fort was intended as a check against the neighboring Iroquois and Seneca Indians. This, the earliest historical notice of the site of Buffalo, was more than a hundred years prior to the Holland land purchase and the laying out of the city.

"In her many diagonal streets, all radiating from a common centre, Buffalo, as I have heard, bears an intentional resemblance to Washington. But where is the Capitol?" queried one of the newer settlers lately.

It is not to the credit of Buffalo that she has as yet perpetuated by neither statue nor memorial, save in the name of a single street, his fame who not only first predicted her commercial destiny, but what is almost unparalleled in the history of cities, selected her exact site and laid out in the then wilderness at the foot of Lake Erie a city on a scale commensurate with his inspired belief in her destiny. As agent for the Holland Land Com-



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.



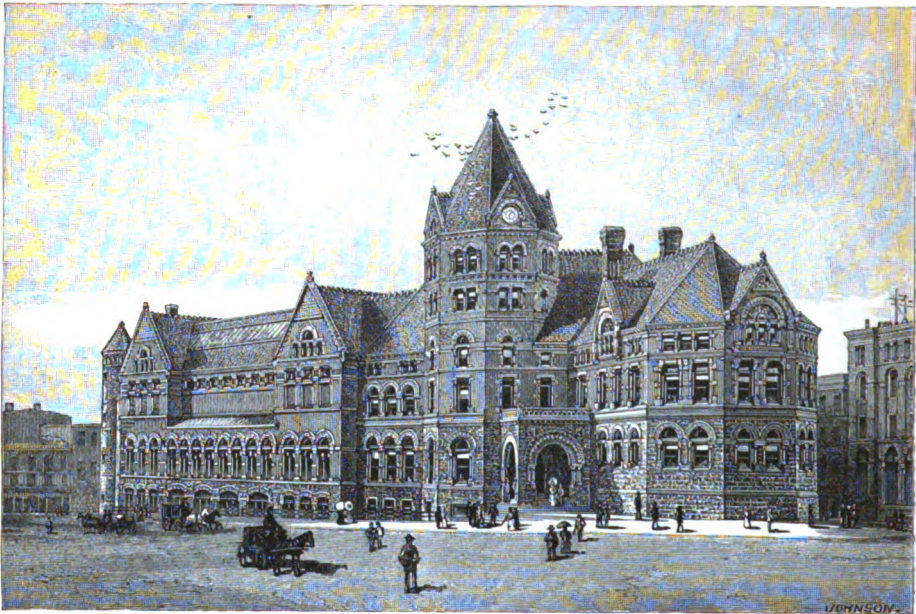
A REMINDER OF HOLLAND.

pany, Joseph Ellicott, in the year 1804, completed the survey of the broad streets, diagonal avenues, and public squares, some of which are to-day included in her extensive park system, and all of which form adequate approaches to the newer suburbs of the Buffalo of 1885. To her singularly open and attractive topography it is to be regretted that she does not add that next-to-godly attribute, cleanliness.

Joseph Ellicott was the brother of Andrew Ellicott, then Surveyor-General of the United States. Fresh from assisting his kinsman to lay out the city of Washington preparatory to its becoming the seat of government, he followed the same general plan in surveying the streets of "New Amsterdam," as he proposed to call it, out of respect to his Dutch employers, the members of the so-called Holland

Land Company. The chief business thoroughfare now bears the commonplace name of Main Street—one which, to all save the ears of towns-people accustomed to it, wonderfully becomes its still semi-countrified air and the non-imposing character of many of its buildings; for everywhere in her business sections old and new Buffalo jostle each other picturesquely. Had Joseph Ellicott been allowed to complete his design in the nomenclature and laying out of the main





NEW LIBRARY BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

thoroughfare of trade, Main Street would have been Willink Avenue below "the Churches," and Van Staphorst above, for what was designed to be the site of the Capitol of New Amsterdam forms now the three blocks in Main Street bounded to the north and south by Eagle and Swan streets. Here Mr. Ellicott proposed to erect his palace, with broad vistas opening to view in all directions. The eye of the prince of New Amsterdam could have gazed at pleasure up Van Staphorst Avenue to the rising ground at the north, down Willink Avenue to the harbor, and out Vollenhoven Avenue (Erie Street) to the lake and Canada, along Stadnitski Avenue (Church Street) to the State reservation, and up Shimmelpennick Avenue (Niagara Street) past the elegant residences circling around Niagara Square, which was to be the centre of his city, straight to the setting sun. The westerly limit of this manor, extending beyond the present west side of Main Street, suggested the title of "Ellicott's bow-window" to the towns-folk. So practical a man as President Fillmore expressed just regret that the democratic spirit of that time, jealous of so baronial an establishment, cut the beautiful semicircle by running Main Street through instead of around it,

dividing the tract of about one hundred acres by North and South Division streets, since Mr. Ellicott would have left a splendid building for the display of the fine arts and a beautiful park in the midst of the city. It is a curious circumstance that the site was again selected by the visionary and famous Rathbun for his proposed magnificent Chamber of Commerce. Rathbun's dream, unlike Ellicott's, was destined to be fulfilled in part in 1884, when the commerce of the lakes and canal joined hands with the manufacturing and mercantile interests to erect, further down-town, the Merchants' Exchange. The Buffalo Board of Trade, which sunk its identity in the Merchants' Exchange, was a corporation with a noble record. To its unceasing energy and patriotism is due the promotion of many enterprises affecting deeply the commercial interests of the city and nation.

While no one would dare to advance a claim for Buffalo in the months of March and April, she has a thousand charms as a summer home. With a turn of the faucet one may drink of or plunge in the cool waters of the upper lakes. The fruit and vegetables on the breakfast table come fresh and crisp each morning from the market-gardens about the city. The fish





IN THE CRÈCHE.—[SEE PAGE 214.]



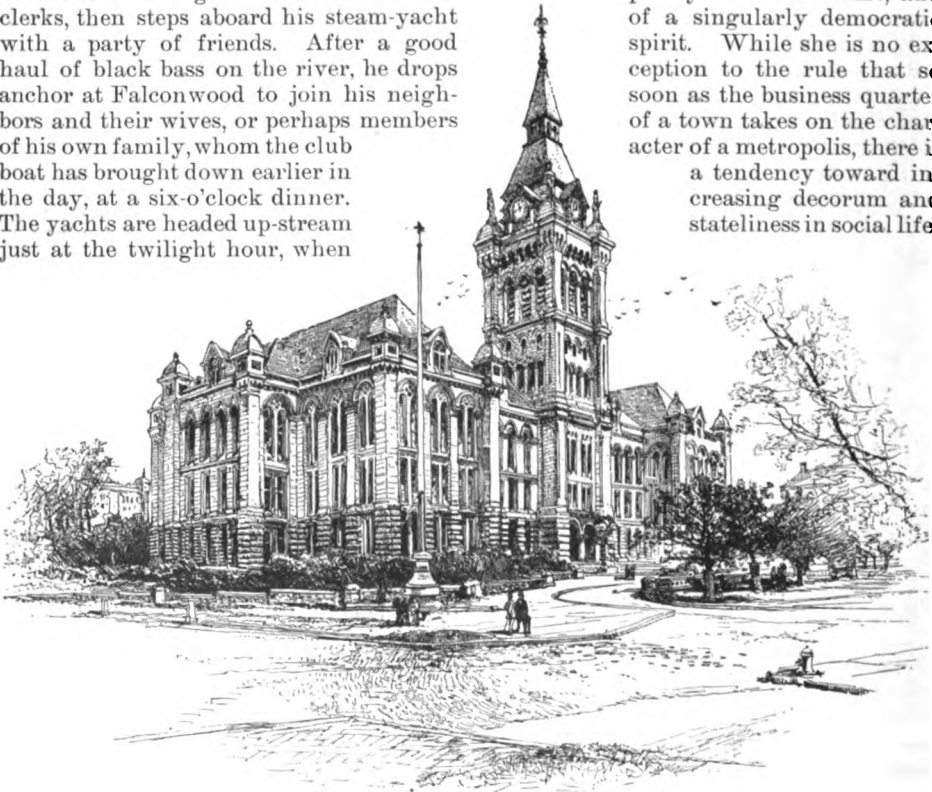
were caught before daylight from the depths of Niagara, and the beefsteak selected from the herds waiting transportation at the East Buffalo stock-yards, where larger moneyed transactions on a cash basis take place daily than in any other quarter of the city. The roses and the lilies which brighten the morning meal were plucked in the door-yard. If the resident be a man of some leisure and fond of horseflesh, he takes an early morning turn behind his flyer around the Driving Park, one of the best and fastest tracks in the country, and famous in trotting annals as the scene of Dexter's and Goldsmith Maid's best time. The yearly meet on these grounds the first week in August brings a crowd of horsemen and racers to the city. The Driving Park Association own an elegant club-house, in the old colonial style, from the verandas of which there is a fine view over the city to the lake and the river.

The old resident who has somewhat thrown off the cares of active business visits his office summer mornings to read his letters and give directions to his clerks, then steps aboard his steam-yacht with a party of friends. After a good haul of black bass on the river, he drops anchor at Falconwood to join his neighbors and their wives, or perhaps members of his own family, whom the club boat has brought down earlier in the day, at a six-o'clock dinner. The yachts are headed up-stream just at the twilight hour, when

the outlines of the Canada shore, across which tall poplar-trees throw their long shadows, are fading into indistinctness, and make their dock at the famous Fort Erie Ferry, where coaches are waiting to take the summer idlers home by way of the park boulevards.

This sketch of summer life would be incomplete without the suggestion that Lake Erie's zephyrs have so tempered the heated midsummer atmosphere that a blanket tends to promote the luxurious slumbers which follow the evening hours spent in the piazza with one's neighbors. The popularity of this form of pleasuring was voiced by the Buffalonian who said, "When I build, I shall build a veranda, with possibly a house attached."

Buffalo now ranks among the gayest and most hospitable cities in America. Her commercial growth has been traced. It would be no less interesting to note how this has reacted on private habits. Since her earliest years she has been a community of great friendliness and hospitality, of comparative simplicity in social forms, and of a singularly democratic spirit. While she is no exception to the rule that so soon as the business quarter of a town takes on the character of a metropolis, there is a tendency toward increasing decorum and stateliness in social life,



THE CITY HALL.

agreeableness and intelligence, not size of purse, are, as before she became a Mecca for capitalists, the standard of her representative families. Among the innumerable pleasant home centres of Buffalo

frontier. To Mr. Marshall's efforts was due largely the organization of the Buffalo Historical Society, which has done diligent and honorable service in collecting and preserving the records of early days.



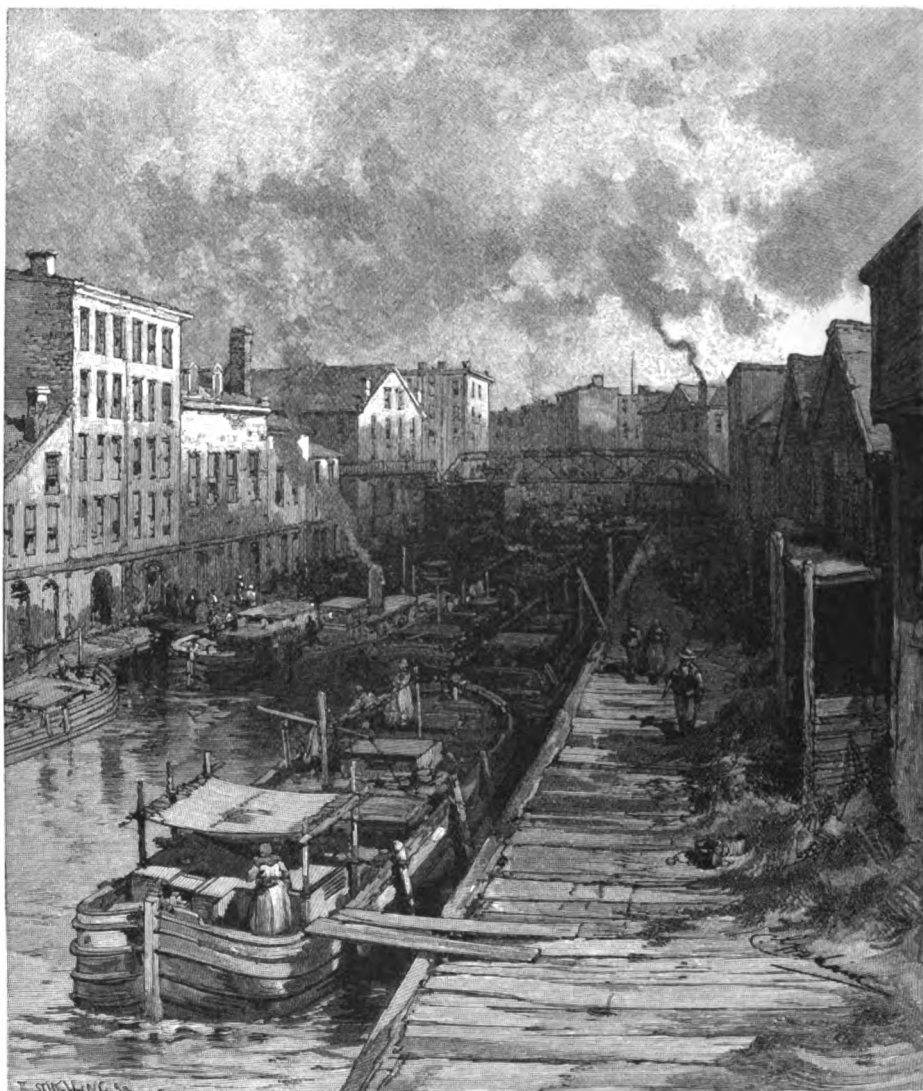
LANDING AT FALCONWOOD.

is that of the Hon. James O. Putnam, lately United States Minister to Belgium. In his high public record, no less than in his liberal culture and exceptional social qualities, Mr. Putnam's fellow-townsmen take great pride.

Buffalo has much reason to honor the literary attainments of the late Orsamus H. Marshall, the historian of the Niagara

While several private individuals have reached what Mr. Howells terms "the picture-buying stage" of development, as a city Buffalo gives no encouragement to the fine arts. Founded in 1862, the Fine Arts Academy presents a curious example of arrested development, and of the stagnation usual to art enterprises in commercial centres. The most beautiful work





ON THE CANAL.

that adorns its gallery, "The Dead Pearl-Diver," by Paul Akers (owned by his heirs), was immortalized by Hawthorne in *The Marble Faun*.

The Academy owns over two hundred paintings, among them Phillipoteaux's brilliant panoramic picture of the French revolution of '48, an immense canvas, destined to be historic, containing over a hundred figures, remarkable for fine drawing. The interest of the Jewett Fund insures the purchase of a good picture every

year or two, and many have been contributed by representative American artists. Mr. L. G. Sellstedt, the able superintendent, for years has given of his time unstintingly and hopefully for the future growth of art in Buffalo.

The Buffalo Club and the City Club are the largest as well as the representative men's clubs. The Buffalo Club, whose first president was Millard Fillmore, is the older and more exclusive organization, and is to that city what the Somerset Club



DELAWARE AVENUE.

is to Boston. It also upholds the city's reputation for hospitality to distinguished men, dividing the honor in this regard with Falconwood. Ordinarily it is considered the whist centre of the town.

The City Club, for some years the only business men's exchange, numbers over three hundred members, and is an outgrowth of the newer commercial interests. It is the down-town lunching centre. While womankind is discussing the characters of the latest magazine serial, or her newest possessions in pottery and porcelain, over candle-lighted luncheon tables up-town, coal, lumber, oil, grain, and the latest railroad grant, as well as Blackstone and Chitty, furnish the divers topics of the City Club.

Buffalo is remarkable for the number of her fine amateur pianistes, and for the many musical organizations which she sustains—a development due in part to the predominance of the Teutonic element. A year ago the Philharmonic Society, a string orchestra, was started, with a subscription of \$14,000. The oldest German musical organization, and one of the oldest in the country, is the Liedertafel.

In 1886, the semi-centennial year of the Young Men's Association, its new library

building, designed by Cyrus L. W. Eidlitz, and intended as a home not only for the Young Men's Association Library, but for the Grosvenor (a free reference library), the Historical Society, and the Fine Arts Academy, will be finished, at a cost of nearly \$300,000. As the custodian of the chief public library, and promoter of many liberal projects, the Young Men's Association has for nearly half a century been foremost in furthering the literary culture of Buffalo. In its long line of presidents are numbered the most honored names of the city. The new library building is directly in the rear of Lafayette Square. Already crowned by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, with the noble façade and towers of the Young Men's Association in the background, its graceful Norman arches adorned with busts of men eminent in *belles-lettres*, art, science, and music, this square in the heart of the city will do equal honor to Buffalo and to the distinguished name it bears.

Considering that Buffalo ranks as the third city of the State, with over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and talks of numbering half a million when she rounds the century, she has little as yet to be proud of in public buildings. In the im-



posing Venetian-looking square occupied by the City and County Hall, and in the fair proportions of a few of the newer structures, there is, however, much hope for the future, architecturally speaking.

Old Franklin Square, the first village burying-ground, now occupied by the City and County Hall, is a historic site. In its woods Colonel Cyrenius Chapin reluctantly surrendered the village to the British and their Indian allies December 30, 1813, on condition that they would respect the rights of private property—a condition which they failed to fulfill; for there is no darker chapter in the war of 1812 on this frontier than the burning of the village of Buffalo. To-day the site is interesting to the nation as the scene where its President began his public career. The City Hall extends longitudinally north and south in the form of a double Roman cross, with its main façade in Franklin Street. Opposite its Delaware Avenue front, and connected with it by an under-ground passage, is the jail—a massive limestone structure. The City Hall is surrounded by a terraced lawn bordered by granite copings, and broken here and there by brilliant floral parterres. Clark's Island, Maine, furnished the clear gray granite which in a rough form composes the first story, and in finished blocks completes the two upper stories. From the observatory in the tower, the four corners of which are surmounted by colossal statues of Justice, Mechanic Arts, Agriculture, and Commerce, one of the finest views of the city is obtainable.

Inside the building, which cost less than a million and a half, and was built "without a steal," all the municipal and county business is transacted. To its granite hitching-post the farmer from Willink, Eden, or Wales, dismounting from his rickety straw-stuffed wagon, ties old raw-bones, and helping his wife down off her high perch, joins the crowd of lawyers, judges, jurymen, city and county officials, that pours in and out of the building all day long in an unceasing stream. The Surrogate's Court, whither perhaps the old couple wend their way, was the scene of the trial of the famous Fillmore will case, wherein the descendants of the historic American families Jay and Clinton were engaged as opposing counsel.

The Mayor's office now has a peculiar fascination for ambitious country boys, who approach reverentially the portals of

the spacious presence-chamber wherein only three years ago President Cleveland transacted his official duties, furnishing the office with a pattern which tax-payers of whatever political affinities demand shall be copied by his successors.

Although in church architecture Buffalo is behind the times, St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, a perfect specimen of Early English Gothic, is the noteworthy exception, being the most beautiful church edifice in Western New York. St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral contains the celebrated Hook organ from the Centennial Exposition, as well as the finest set of chimes in the country, from the Paris Exposition of 1867, where they took the first prize.

About the site of St. Paul's, the mother parish of Buffalo, and but a stone's-throw from the city buildings, there lingers one of the strangest and most picturesque traditions of Western New York. What could be more romantic or more incongruous than to lay in the chancel of a Protestant Episcopal Church the corner-stone of a Hebrew city within whose precincts it was intended to gather together all the lost tribes of Israel?

The year 1825 is most memorable in the early history of Buffalo. Then occurred the hanging of the three Thayers for the murder of John Love, much celebrated in song and story; then also the reception of General Lafayette at the Eagle Tavern. That year pedagogue Millard Fillmore, who boarded around among the families of his pupils, began to be considered a rising young man; some of the wiseacres thought he might come to be a justice of the peace; others, more sanguine, did not think the Assembly Chamber at Albany beyond the reach of his ambition.

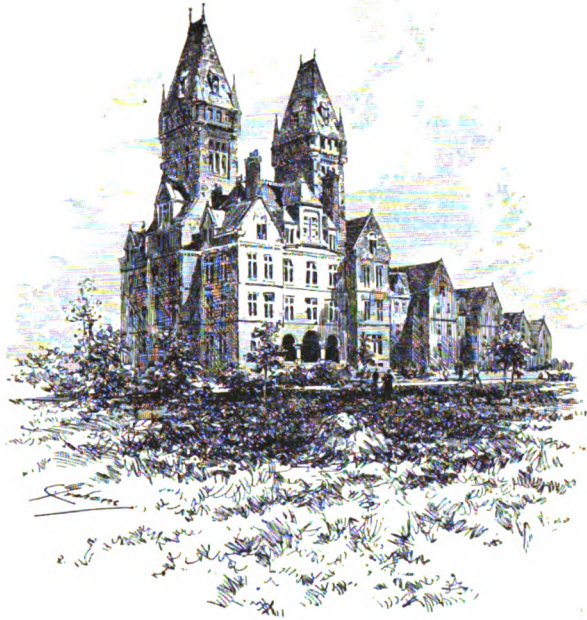
On the 26th of October, 1825, was celebrated the opening of the Erie Canal. About a month before, when the community, eagerly anticipating a connection with tide-water, was excited with visions of prospective greatness, and ready for any display, there arrived from New York Major Manuel Mordecai Noah, high sheriff of the county of New York, consul at Tunis, and self-styled Judge of Israel. He came with glittering robes and insignia of office, to establish the city of Ararat on Grand Island, then covered with a dense forest. Although a loyal and devoted son of Abraham, Major Noah had not succeeded in arousing enthusiasm in his scheme

among those of his own faith. As a shrewd man of the world, an able lawyer, a successful politician, and the editor of the principal organ of the Tammany party in New York, and withal sanguine that the city would prove a mine of wealth to its founders, he had no difficulty in persuading some of his Gentile friends, among whom was the father of the late Gerritt Smith, to buy nearly the whole of Grand Island, then just surveyed and offered for sale by the United States government.

On this lonely but extensive island, between the forks of the Niagara, and lying midway between Lake Erie and the Falls of Niagara, he determined to build a city of Oriental splendor. Already, before his arrival on the scene, a flag-staff bearing the "grand standard of Israel" had been erected

on the chosen site, and a stone having an inscription in Hebrew and in English

had been prepared to dedicate with imposing ceremonies. This stone, always known in local history as "Mordecai's corner-stone," was intended rather as a memento of the founding of the magnificent city of the Jews than as the support of any particular building. In those days the luxurious steam-yachts of wealthy citizens, which now plough the rapid current of the Niagara, existed not in the imagination of the veriest dreamer; even row-boats were wanting with which to convey the crowd eager to behold the spectacle presented by the birth of an Oriental city in the depths of the forest. The brilliant and audacious Noah conceived the idea of having the ceremony celebrated with due pomp within the walls of St. Paul's Church, twelve miles from the site of his



THE STATE INSANE ASYLUM.



THE MARKET.



city. To this end were invoked the willing services of all the dignitaries of the town, the military and the Masons, Major Noah the central figure appearing as the "Judge of Israel" in black, wearing judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine, and a richly embossed golden medal suspended from his neck.

The bright September day opened with the booming of cannons. The grand procession embraced the best that the town could offer. Halting at the church door, the troops opened each way, and the pageant entered; while the band played the grand march from *Judas Maccabeus*, the corner-stone of Ararat, the city of refuge for the people who rejected Christ, was laid on the communion table of a Protestant Episcopal church, and dedicated by Hebrew ritual. The Masonic rites were performed with the typical corn, wine, and oil, the choir sang "Old Hundred," and the rector, in full canonicals, pronounced a Christian benediction.

Mordecai Noah never saw the site of Ararat, and the Hebrew race disregarded his grandiloquent proclamation and the tax levied for its building; but its corner-stone, after many curious migrations, occupies a conspicuous place in the rooms of the Buffalo Historical Society, where relic-hunters are frequently seen copying its inscription.

The old church in which these ceremonies took place has yielded to the present beautiful stone edifice of Early English Gothic architecture crowned by a graceful spire. This, with the "Old First" (Presbyterian), gives the neighborhood the name of "The Churches." They stand opposite the square originally intended for Joseph Ellicott's Capitol.

Unique as is the story associated with Grand Island's past, in its private clubs of to-day, Falconwood, Oakfield, and Beaver Island, which crown its western bluff with beautiful villas facing the Canada shore, their lawns sloping trim-shaven to the river, Buffalonians and their hosts of mid-summer guests find still greater fascination. Contiguous to Falconwood, cradled by the Niagara, in itself, says N. P. Willis, "the best cradle nature could possibly form for the family of a luxurious exclusive," the "father of the greenback," the Hon. Elbridge Gerry Spaulding, spends his summers. Connected with his country-seat, "River Lawn," is a large stock-farm, famous for its thorough-bred cattle.

Adjacent to this is the farm of the Hon. Lewis F. Allen, the venerable historian of Grand Island, uncle by marriage of President Cleveland, and the pioneer stock-raiser of this region. To a few Buffalo capitalists Erie County owes largely the rapid advance of its important stock interests. Within the city limits, and adjoining the park, is a stock-farm having a herd of short-horned cattle which in numbers and pedigree are not excelled in this country or in England, where its owner employs special agents. But the already famous stock-farms of Erie County are far too numerous for even cursory mention.

Covering territory of about thirty-nine miles, an area greater than is occupied by any municipality in the United States except Philadelphia, the freeholders of Buffalo far outnumber those of any other city. So great a proportion of the laboring class of the population owning their homes gives an air of unusual thrift to the foreign quarter—a vast, closely built tract lying east of Main Street. When, on the occasion of a brief stay in Buffalo, Herbert Spencer was by his own request driven through the thickly settled wards of "Germantown," he remarked particularly upon the hundreds of one and two story cottages which line these streets, and are almost universally in good condition as to paint and window-blinds, and with every inch of the little plot of surrounding land cultivated with vegetables or flowers.

To the early influence of one man, the late Stephen Van Rensselaer Watson, a citizen whose far-seeing genius for practical affairs gave Buffalo her present comprehensive system of street railroads, is due much of the independent comfort now enjoyed by the foreign element of her population. Coming to the city in 1844, he invested largely in uncleared land on the east side. This he divided, and sold out in lots on long payments, principally to Germans, whom he aided not only with money, but with sagacious advice.

It is a significant fact that the first civilized man to settle on the present site of Buffalo was a German. Of few Northern cities can it be affirmed, as of this, that the Teutonic element constitutes nearly one-half the entire population. The Germans of Buffalo have their own press, literary and musical associations, churches, theatres, and, it is unnecessary to add, beer gardens, while in public spirit they have in one notable instance shown themselves



DINING IN THE CRÈCHE.



ahead of the Americans. Not only are German names frequent on the business signs of the American quarter, but the Germans have their own long business street running diagonally out through "Germantown," and the German population has been represented frequently in city, county, and State offices.

Artists in search of models and authors making character studies will find few fields richer in local color than the German quarter of Buffalo and her two large markets. These markets are distinctive, and help to make living cheap. Each market occupies a block, and at the stalls everything, from crockery, yarn, buttons, and shining tins, to the finest cuts of beef, poultry, fish, and green truck of all kinds, is exposed for sale. In midsummer they are the market-places of flowers. Pretty young girls in fresh muslins tie their pony-carts outside, and come tripping in among the stalls to cull out bunches of mignonette, sweet-peas, and pansies, jostling against baby wagons, match venders, long-aproned butchers, white-capped Vienna roll men, and German fraus with a generous bulk of waist and shoulders.

Ever since the days when Christy's Minstrels, which originated in Buffalo, merrily sang,

"Oh, Buffalo girls, are you coming out to-night,  
Are you coming out to-night,  
To dance by the light of the moon?"

the belles of the city have been renowned in two continents. While the ever-increasing social obligations of a gay city life require them to be out at night more than ever, the strict regard for etiquette which now prevails in the rarefied atmosphere of Buffalo society decrees that they shall be accompanied by their chaperons. Of a city that is neither Eastern nor Western, it is natural that the best type of Buffalo womanhood should blend in her personality the salient characteristics of the women of each section of the country; in other words, she has the individuality which is inevitable from her environment. To the mental alertness of the New-Englander she superadds the fearless originality of the belle of the prairie, but without her aggressiveness or tendency to crudeness.

A vital concern for poor and suffering humanity is not characteristic of Buffalo women only, but there are few cities the philanthropic institutions of which are

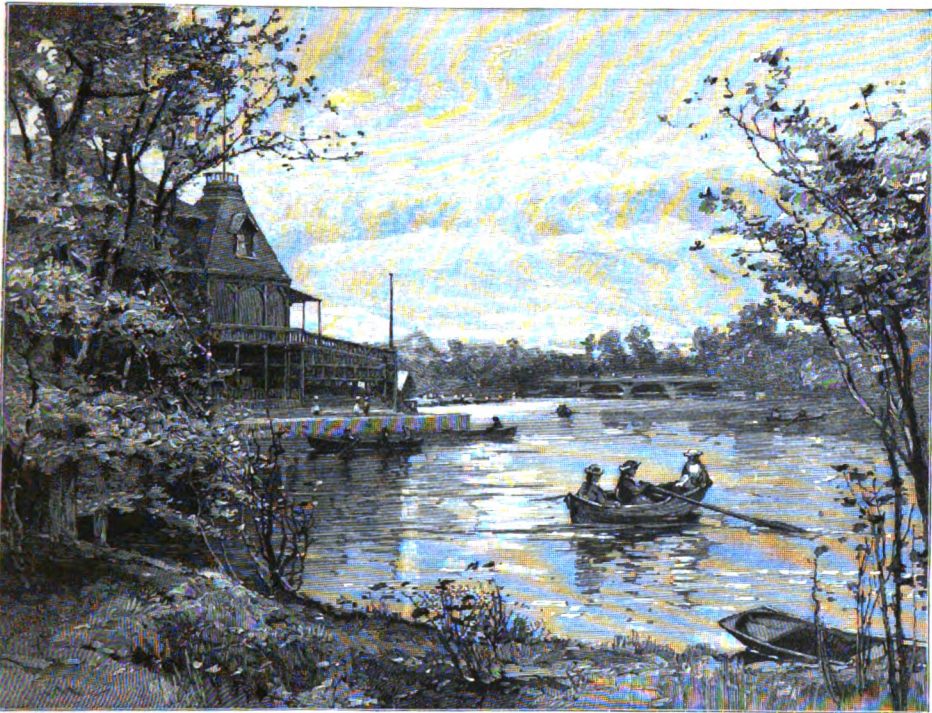
managed so generally by women, and who in their very positive relations toward the charities of Buffalo are, as has been remarked, "the salt of the city."

In 1832 an ambitious young merchant, Benjamin Fitch, settled in Buffalo, where he made a fortune. His subsequent benefactions to the city, amounting in all to about \$300,000, entitle him to a name among the great philanthropists of America. Just fifty years after his coming the corner-stone of the Fitch Institute was laid, at which ceremony Mayor Cleveland spoke eloquently of Mr. Fitch's generosity. The old man answered, in simple phrase, "I have done but my duty."

Under the French and Gothic roof of the Fitch Institute, on the corner of Swan and Michigan streets, erected at a cost of over \$60,000, there are many and divers philanthropic interests, and its illuminated clock tower is a beacon-light for the working people who pass up and down the crowded thoroughfare. Both the Fitch Institute and the Crèche are managed by the Charity Organization Society, the oldest of the associated charity systems of this country. Buffalo adopted the London method of organized charities in 1877. The Charity Organization Society, officered by the younger professional and business men chiefly, has been indirectly the source of inspiration for many of the newer movements by which Buffalo has striven to cast off her slough of conservatism.

Think of having to take care of twenty thousand babies! This is what the Fitch Crèche has done since 1879. This great public cradle is the most interesting charity in Buffalo, because the most unique. Founded on the model of the London Day Nursery to care for little children whose mothers earn their support as char-women, it has so far outstripped its progenitor as to be called the model crèche of the world.

Delaware Avenue, which "takes its rise in a jail and ends in a tomb," as a wag, sneering at its aristocratic pretensions, said, is shaded its full length of three miles with double rows of elms and maples, which arch overhead. Its beautiful houses and villas standing alone, amid broad lawns, and embowered in vines, give the long avenue the elegantly rural aspect of a suburban rather than a city street. In summer, masses of shade trees, and foliage wreathing itself over side walls and porticoes, serve to soften or conceal the architectural incongruities of some of the older



LAKE IN THE PARK.

and too elaborate houses. Its reputation as one of the finest of residence streets is likely to grow, rather than diminish, with the city. For when completed on the plan of the original survey, Buffalo Street at Niagara Falls Village and Delaware Avenue will be one long highway, and the most beautiful avenue in America. Then the City Hall of Buffalo and the proposed International Park at Niagara Falls will be connected by the same boulevard. The aspiring Buffalonian goes farther, and predicts that there will be one day a river boulevard from Buffalo to Youngstown, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario.

Perhaps it is to offset a pardonable conceit over this nearness to the greatest of nature's wonders that Buffalo's immediate suburbs are so strictly commonplace. The city sprawls out in a north and easterly direction over an area as flat as the proverbial pancake. He who tries to drive out into the country is held fast in a net-work of railway tracks. To beautify the city within its limits by creating a continuous circle of driveways was a necessity which gave birth, in 1869, to the

park system, comprising over eight hundred acres of pleasure-grounds connected by boulevards, which together afford a drive of over ten miles.

Watching the gay and interminable procession of coaches, landaus, dog-carts, and English phaetons, with their liveried grooms, passing over the asphalt or macadamized park roads in midsummer, one has to rub one's eyes to believe that the first family carriage ever seen in Erie County, owned and driven by Samuel Pratt, rolled into Buffalo only eighty years ago. There are three large parks, the Park proper, about three miles north of the City Hall, the Parade, which is in the precincts of "Germantown," and the Front, on the banks of the Niagara. On the broad and undulating Park meadow the polo club play many of their best games, and horseback parties make this their favorite rallying point. Beneath this smooth-clipped turf, guarded by two monarchs of the forest, lie, unknowing and unknown, three hundred soldier dead, regulars of the United States army, the victims of typhoid fever in the winter of 1812. Haunted in



midsummer, not by shades of these departed patriots, but by thousands of picnic parties, many of which come from the lower and more crowded parts of the city to get a breath of pure country air, the Park not alone conduces to beautify, but subserves a nobler end as a health-giving outlet and a provider of refreshing recreation at little cost.

Adjacent, sloping down to "Gala Water," freighted with gondolas, canoes, and row-boats, is the white encampment of Forest Lawn, wrapped in a silence broken only by the light tread of the squirrel or chipmunk running boldly up the side of one of the ancient oaks that abound in the well-wooded cemetery.

Among the distinguished dead who rest in Forest Lawn is the late General Albert J. Myer, whose widow is the daughter of Ebenezer Walden, the first lawyer in Erie County, and its first judge. The family mausoleum, overlooking the Park lake, is close by the Pratt Monument, also commemorative of a family prominent among the earliest settlers of Buffalo.

On that panel of the square of granite over the grave of Samuel Wilkeson which faces the harbor is chiselled:

"Urbem condidit. He built the city by building its harbor."

To tell how Buffalo and Black Rock were arrayed against each other as hostile camps in battle, each striving to be the terminus of the Erie Canal, is but to repeat an oft-rehearsed story. Buffalo, through the agency of a few resolute men, with Samuel Wilkeson at their head—who waded Buffalo Creek, and labored with the diggers on the sand bar—having succeeded in scooping out a harbor, argued with success the case against Black Rock.

In her new-found allegiance to the railway king, Buffalo does not forget her foster-mother. As a free highway the Erie Canal holds the balance of power. It regulates the transportation rates by rail, and preserves the supremacy of the great State of New York as the chief thoroughfare of commerce—a supremacy which the railways could not maintain unaided. The statistics of the past year show that the canal did as well as its rivals by rail or water, and has by no means, as has been intimated, survived its usefulness.

In the name of the rivulet which flows through Forest Lawn, Senjaquada Creek, is a reminder of the aboriginal owners of

these lawns and woodlands. Another will soon be there, for under the auspices of the Historical Society is now rising a monument whose apex will be surmounted by a bronze statue of Red Jacket. This monument marks the resting-place of the recently re-interred bones of Sa-go-ye-wa-tha, the Rienzi of the Iroquois, and other distinguished chiefs of the Six Nations.

All through the earlier history of Buffalo the aboriginal lion, Red Jacket, stalks a picturesque figure. Realizing that it was the precursor of the extinction of his nation, Red Jacket was jealous of the encroachments of the white people. Naturally, therefore, although always courteous, he felt unfriendly toward Mr. Ellicott. One day the two met in the Tonawanda Swamp, and sat down together on a log. After a few moments of silence, which Mr. Ellicott knew too much of Indian custom to interrupt, Red Jacket exclaimed, "Move along, Joe." The request was complied with. After a few moments it was repeated. Red Jacket gave the peremptory order several times, until by degrees Mr. Ellicott had moved to the extreme verge of the log. Again came the mandate, "Joe, move along." "But there is no room left," was the answer. "That," cried Red Jacket, "is the way the white man treats us. He first says move along a little, then a little more. When we have moved as far as we can, he shoves us out of the world."

The Tonawanda Swamp, wherein this dialogue was held some seventy years ago, is now covered with the lumber-yards of Buffalo capitalists, for Tonawanda, the great lumber port of the Western lake territory, and Buffalo, are one lumber market to-day, with identical interests. The descendants of Red Jacket, former owners of the soil, are relegated to the Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations, or have been "shoved" as far west on their way toward the end of the log as the distant reservations of Kansas.

Buffalo has become one of the cosmopolitan cities of the country. Germans, French, English, Italians, Swedes, Poles, Japs, Turks, and Arabs jostle each other in the crowded thoroughfares, and buy and sell in the markets. She has had her saengerfests, her great musical festivals, innumerable conventions, political, scientific, and literary, and has given the United States two Presidents and two cabinet officers.